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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The sudden death of this sweet Irish-American poet, whose adventurous youth we cannot approve, except for his patriotic and chivalrous purpose, recalls his noble lines pronounced at Plymouth Rock, which mark an era of mutual appreciation between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt. Why not? How superficial and how silly the prejudice that keeps alive ancient race antagonism! How grand the providential opportunity in America which O'Reilly seized, to cement in one the aspirations after liberty that characterize alike Englishmen and Irishmen of every creed! May many others of both races cement the union that even on the soil of Great Britain, under the lead of Gladstone, has in ten years made such noble progress.

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom not of kings, but men;
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
A new world reached and raised an old-world link.
When English hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Norman brought
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake!
Here struck the seed — the Pilgrims' roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all the people equal franchised met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down;
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world!

WHAT IS GOOD?

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

What is the real Good?
I asked in musing mood—
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer—
Spake my heart full sadly,
“The answer is not here.”
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
“Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word.”

SPURGEON ON STANLEY.

In bearing his testimony to God and prayer, Stanley has done more good to the world than could have been wrought by a thousand down-grade discourses, and we even venture to say that God has received more true worship from his utterances than from all the organs that ever pealed forth their wind-made music beneath the vaulted roofs of cathedrals and temples.

One physician looking on the Grand Army procession in Boston, August 12th, asserted that a hundred men perhaps might suffer during the year to come fatal effects from this exposure. *But it was a glorious and a beautiful sight!* — *Congregationalist.*

THE SOLDIER'S PICTURES.

J. MERVIN HALL.

A sadness on the care-worn face;
A far-off look in ageing eyes;
A bullet-shattered picture case
Before the widow open lies.

A soldier's face — strong, brave and true;
A woman's face — sad, brave and fair:
Then laughing Tom and gentle Prue,
And baby May's sweet face is there.

Beneath the blazing noon-day sun,
By flaring camp-fire's smoky light,
In sad defeat, or victory won,
The pictures blessed the soldier's sight.

He wore them bound upon his breast
When battle's earthquake shook the land;
And when through death he passed to rest
They found them blood-stained in his hand.

— *Boston Journal.*

REFUSED TO OBEY THE LOWER LAW.

Too much credit cannot be given to those who stood forth firmly for peace principles during our Civil War. When drafted and during my three days of trial, and when threatened to be shot as a deserter, I was enabled to say: “I will not serve; I will not pay the \$300 commutation fee; I will not accept a substitute; I will not put in the plea of physical disability; but I am ready to submit to the penalties for my conscientious convictions.”

It was at this time that the United States Government showed its supreme greatness. The question of what to do with men who refused to obey military law because of conscience, became an important one. President Lincoln said: “Get rid of it the best way you can. Don't take the lives of these our best citizens.” Secretary Stanton said: “My grandfather was a Quaker, and when he put his foot down he would not budge. These men will die before they will serve.” Congress speedily passed an Act excusing such persons if they would care for sick and wounded soldiers or aid the Freedmen. All of which was cheerfully accepted.— *Alfred H. Love.*

A NOTEWORTHY FACT.

Some months since a colored man was chosen by the senior class of Harvard College as class-day orator. A still more remarkable occurrence was the appearance of Mr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, another colored student at Harvard, as Commencement orator on the platform of Sanders Theatre. There was an unusually crowded audience, among whom was Mrs. Cleveland. Mr. Du Bois is a slender, intellectual looking mulatto. When he made his bow to the President of the University, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Bishop of New York, and the numerous other notables assembled, loud applause burst forth. It was felt that there was a strange significance in his appearance there, for Mr. Du Bois had taken for his theme “Jefferson Davis as a representative of civilization.” The orator not only excelled in mere delivery, but handled his difficult and hazardous subject with absolute good taste, great moderation and fairness.

—Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself.— *Francis de Sales.*